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## THE CAROLINA SPARTAN. BY CAVIS & TRIMMIEB.

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### Everett's Oration on Washington.

This oration, at the request of a number of members of Congress and citizens, was lately repeated at Washington, and we take the following summary of its salient points from the National Intelligencer:

Mr. Everett made a brief but happy reference to the place and the presence in which he then stood—at the national metropolis, a spot selected and laid out by the illustrious subject of his discourse, and where were assembled the Executive, Judicial, and Legislative departments of the Government. In such a region, in sight of Mount Vernon, hallowed by the associations of the great man whose life and character were the theme of the evening, he could not but feel diffident and sensibly impressed with the magnitude and the difficulty of the task he had undertaken.

Mr. Everett then alluded to the many tributes which had from time to time been paid to the memory of Washington. On his decease, in December, 1799, on the recommendation of Congress eulogies were delivered on the 22d of February next following by a great number of the most distinguished speakers and writers. Some of these performances had passed into the literature of the country and were familiar to all. On other occasions the life and character of Washington had been frequently discussed. The more obvious and appropriate topics of a discourse on this great theme—a narrative of his life and a discussion of his principles and policy—had been exhausted in the performances alluded to.

Mr. Everett would not attempt to say over in other words what had already been said so well by his distinguished predecessors, but would endeavor to take a somewhat different view of the subject, and would offer some reflections upon the relation of Washington, not merely to the United States, but to the age in which he lived, and then attempt to indicate the true nature and moral foundation of his greatness.

Mr. Everett remarked that the present occasion was one of more than ordinary interest. It was the completion of a century since Washington, in 1753, entered upon the great events of his life. The seven years' war had not then been declared in Europe, but hostilities had been carried on for two years upon the inland frontiers of the British colonies in America. Washington had already greatly distinguished himself. In the morning of his days he had been tried, and like the refiner's gold, he came out of the fire unimpaired. He was preserved by a manifest Providence at Braddock's defeat, and, young as he was, had become the subject of love and anticipation. He was then twenty-four years old, a model of manly vigor, grace, and beauty. Nearly twenty years afterwards, in 1775, he appeared before the country as commander-in-chief of the American armies. At this period of his life Washington is represented as having been deeply impressed with the responsibilities resting upon him, and conscious of the great destiny before him. There is an authentic tradition that afterwards the "Father of his Country" never smiled. It would not be too much to say that more was owing to the goodness, sagacity, and great abilities of Washington than to any other man. Heaven forbid that the claims of other great men at that critical period should be depreciated. Heaven forbid that injustice should be done to those who aided in promoting the welfare of the nation. But this might be said, that Washington was the beacon light which guided the nation through the stormy seas of the Revolution. Due praise should be awarded to all those who contributed to his success in this wonderful career—the Henrys, Adames, Hancock, Jefferson, Hamilton, and others—but, above all, to Washington, who was born and cradled almost in arms. Washington as first President of the United States, in 1789, was unanimously chosen in the hearts of the people, in advance not merely of the constitutional forms of election, but the poor machinery of caucuses and conventions, by which, in later times, it has been found convenient to relieve the people from the trouble of choosing their rulers. The relation of Washington to the country at these three periods was briefly alluded to, and reference made to the time when the great man stepped forward and took the oath from Chancellor Livingston to support the Constitution and Laws of his country. Oh! that his voice might now speak to the North, and say, "Oh give up," and to the South, "Keep not back!" Oh that that voice might now be heard from Heaven, in words of reconciliation, to bind the North and the South by one indissoluble bond of Constitutional Union, and make it, as it once was, one in the hearts of the people.

Mr. Everett quoted a remark of Lord Brougham, that Washington was "the greatest man of our own or any age," adding that if the first part of this remark was true the last must be equally so, inasmuch as the period dating from the commencement of the last century was unquestionably the richest in great events, great names, and the general progress of intelligence in the world. To illustrate this remark, and show that Washington was not, like Alfred

or Charlemagne, a bright light shining in a dark age, but the principal ornament of an age in almost every respect the most distinguished, a rapid survey was taken by the speaker of what may be called the age of Washington, commencing with the eighteenth century, the entrance of Russia into the European system; the foundation of the British Empire in the East; the commencement of the great Australian system; the colonization and civilization of Africa; the downfall of feudalism; the establishment of the liberty of speech and the press; the development of journalism; the growth of manufactures; the applications of the steam-engine; the progress of science and of the moral enterprise of the age were alluded to in this connection. Of all the great names connected with these events, almost every name with brightness, each in his peculiar sphere, Washington, by general admission, on the whole, outshone them all. This position was further illustrated by a comparison of Washington individually with the three persons who in this period have received the designation of "great," viz Peter the Great of Russia, Frederick the Second of Prussia, and Napoleon. The speaker observed, however, that, though Washington was great in an age of great men, his greatness was not borrowed nor reduced, but original. In common with his distinguished associates, he derived but little aid in the formation of his character and the grandeur of his course from the preceding century. In this respect his position was widely different from that of the men of this age, who are so amply furnished with ex-impres and illustrations of every kind from the revolutionary and constitutional period. There was no Washington in the seventeenth century on the model of whom the Washington of the eighteenth could form himself. "There was none in America, there was none in Europe; there was none in the modern world, there was none in the ancient. I cast my eye (said Mr. Everett) along the far-stretching galleries of history; I beheld with admiration the statues of the great and good with which they are adorned—Hampton, Alfred, Cato, Epaminondas—but I see no other Washington."

Mr. Everett then passed to the inquiry in what the true greatness of Washington consists, and admitted that he found it difficult to furnish an answer to the question which fully satisfied his own conceptions. After all the usual points of a great character were enumerated there was still something in Washington that escaped analysis, as there was an indescribable charm in his portraits by Stuart, imparting an interest to them, but which it was not easy to refer to its precise source. There could, however, be no doubt that the essence and strength of Washington's character lay in two things: first, in his possession, in a due proportion, each in the golden mean, of all the powers and qualities required for the useful and honorable discharge of the duties of life; second, in the pure morality which lay at the foundation. In reference to the first point the speaker maintained that the absence of dazzling traits which strike the imagination, so far from needing an apology, was in reality one of the chief excellencies of the character of Washington. They are in reality defects, and would impair the beauty of a well-balanced character. Such a character also includes the sober and not very popular qualities—such as prudence, justice, common sense, which, although by far the most useful qualities in a public man, neither win applause nor strike the imagination. They place their possessor, however, in harmony with the great powers which govern the universe, material and moral; which, the higher we rise in the scale of being, are the more characterized by quiet equilibrium and self-entirety.

But the pure morality of Washington's character was the most important feature, and Mr. Everett declared it to be his decided conviction "that it was an important part of the design of Providence, in raising up Washington to be the leader of the Revolutionary struggle, and afterwards the first President of the United States, to set before the people of America, in the morning of their national existence, a living example to prove that armies may be best conducted, just wars most successfully fought, and governments most ably and honorably administered by men of sound moral principle; to teach to gifted and aspiring individuals, and the parties they lead, that, though a hundred crooked paths may conduct to temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of prosperity.

The speaker then glanced at the course of Washington in a moral point of view, beginning with his nature as "a good boy" by a mother worthy to be named with the noblest matrons of "Rome and Israel," and through the various stages of his career, and asked whether the judgment of mankind was so depraved that they would withhold their admiration from such a man and bestow it on men like Alexander, Caesar, and Marlborough, whose characters and conduct were briefly passed in review. In this connection Mr. Everett described Blenheim Castle, the splendid palace erected to perpetuate the fame of Marlborough, compared with Mount Vernon, the modest home of Washington, and contrasted the opposite feelings which they awaken in the mind of the observer. He raised the question whether the judgment of mankind could withhold their admiration from Washington, and bestow it upon Alexander, Caesar, and Marlborough. He believed that God had made the former to stand alone among mankind—possessing all the lovely traits of character, the love of the people mounted into veneration, and reverence melted again into love.

In drawing his address to a close Mr. Everett quoted the language of Hamilton in his general orders communicating the tidings of Washington's decease to the army in 1799, that "the voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivalled in the lists of true glory;" and he spoke of the privilege enjoyed by America, in the first generation of her national existence, of being permitted, in exchange for the bright examples she had inherited from other countries and ages, to give back a name by acknowledgment brighter than all. He quoted the remark of Charles James Fox, that "a character of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed by any vices as Washington's, was hardly to be found in history." He referred also to the account given by Mr. King, in 1797, of the veneration in which the name of Washington was held in England, notwithstanding his leading agency in depriving her of a great colonial empire; and also to the honors paid to his memory in Paris by order of Napoleon in 1800, when a pompous ceremonial was had in the *Invalides* and a eulogy pronounced by Fontanes. He remarked on the different result that might have been expected to the revolutions of the last generation in the Spanish and Portuguese possessions on this continent, in Spain, Italy, Greece, and Germany, had they been led by men like Washington.

Finally, Mr. Everett observed that it was peculiarly incumbent on the citizens of America, as depositaries of Washington, to obey his counsels, especially as contained in his Farewell Address. The most important of his exhortations was that which enjoined the preservation of the Union. This was the thought and care which lay nearest to his heart; and it depends on this whether the United States shall be broken up into a group of independent military governments, wasting each other in perpetual border wars, or remain a great, powerful, and prosperous confederate Republic. If ever his parting counsels on this head should be forgotten, or that day it may truly be said that Washington had lived in vain. Such a calamity, however, the speaker exclaimed, should never be permitted to take place while the memory of the glorious days and deeds of the Revolution remained.

This synopsis—though embracing every topic discussed by Mr. Everett—lacks the charm which attended the spoken words. The felicity of illustration, and the elegant and graceful elocution, too, are wanting to enable those who did not hear this masterly performance to appreciate how great it was. It was an oration worthy of the subject.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

### RUINS OF POMPEII.

NAPLES, Oct. 23, 1855.

After spending the greater portion of two days in the Royal Museum at Naples examining the innumerable objects deposited there from the ruined cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, I became of course very anxious to see the cities themselves. A few of us determined to give an entire day to the visit. Though the cars of a new railroad would have dropped us at the very gate of Pompeii, we preferred to go by the old route; and taking an excellent carriage drawn by two spirited horses we left Naples at an early hour, and found ourselves well repaid for our choice. The day was perfect, the road magnificent, the air pure and balmy, and the whole scenery around us—the Mediterranean, the cultivated gardens, the unique and curious towns and Mount Vesuvius ever in view—constituting a rich and beautiful picture which can never be effaced from my memory. The distance from Naples to Pompeii is twelve miles. The route is not far from the sea, passing through the towns of Resina, Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell'Annunziata. It is indeed almost one continuous city, the first town being connected with Naples, and all, excepting the last, running into each other, and being in fact if not in name a part of Naples itself. They contain, too, a population not far from one hundred thousand, and nowhere perhaps can one obtain a more correct and vivid idea of life in Naples than in this great thoroughfare. All classes and occupations pass in review before you. Among others which rise again before me as I sit down to write, I may mention the beggars, blind, maimed, deformed, filthy and almost naked, running by the side of our carriage and importuning us in such tones of earnest sorrow that we could not resist their demands—loaded carts drawn slowly along by a large white ox yoked by the side of a small donkey—an open two-wheeled wagon with fifteen or twenty passengers, men, women and children, standing, sitting, laughing, hallooing and driving on with the speed of Jehu himself—the neat "Caleche," glittering with brass and drawn by a horse covered profusely with trappings of brass, and guided by a driver whose brazen face impertinently gives the foot passenger no rest till he consents to ride—little groups of women sitting in pairs by the open doors of their dwellings, and most affectionately and assiduously engaged in a minute inspection of each other's heads, and finally the everywhere present soldier, armed to the teeth, and with his firm and stately tread imparting a sense of personal safety, as well as being a symbol of that unflinching power which holds in complete subjection the masses around you. These objects, added to the ordinary spectacles always seen in large and crowded cities, rendered our ride to Pompeii one of extraordinary interest. We passed also the immense barracks erected by Napoleon during the reign of Murat, and we thought as we saw them that there were more soldiers employed in this one city than can be found in active duty throughout the whole extent of our own land of twenty-five millions of people. In a short time we reached the Royal Palace at Portici described in a previous letter. Passing directly through its spacious court we hurried to Torre del Greco. This town has been more than once completely destroyed by the eruptions of Vesuvius. But the present inhabitants seem to be without fear, though their streets are paved with lava, and the walls of many of their houses are made of lava, and the smoke of Vesuvius is ever rising before them. And now

we are in the open fields, leaving Torre del Greco behind us, on every side we see what Vesuvius has done in former ages. The green fields are in many places darkened with long ridges of lava which rolled down its burning torrents into the sea, the currents here and there cooling and stopping in their course, and memorials of past desolation. As we approach Torre del Annunziata, our road turns gradually to the left, bringing into view another side of Vesuvius, revealing new fissures, out of which the smoke is escaping, and the smooth cone of the mountain is now seen to be jagged and ridged with the ravages of the floods of fire that have so often belched forth from the crater at the top. On our left, and between us and Vesuvius, and nestled at its very base, and at some points extending up its slope, are clusters of villas in peaceful seclusion from the world and apparently unconscious of danger, and before us is a vast plain stretching on for several miles and sprinkled over with pleasant houses surrounded by a luxuriant vegetation. In the midst of gardens and olive orchards and vineyards and fig trees our carriage suddenly stops before a small guard house by the road side, and we are at Pompeii! Originally the city stood on an elevated piece of ground of a triangular form, the sea washing it on two sides, and rendering the harbor one of the most desirable in this vicinity. Now the sea is distant at least a mile, the whole intervening space being a fruitful plain—the torrents of lava and mud from Vesuvius having filled up the entire bay, and by the cultivation of two thousand years converted it into one of the most quiet and lovely rural scenes in the world. We were taken entirely by surprise when told to alight and enter Pompeii; and still greater was our astonishment when, following our guide, we found ourselves in less than two minutes standing before its old walls. The usual approach to the city is by the street of Tombs and the gate of Herculaneum. But for some unexplained reason we had come down to the vicinity of the "Gate of the Sea," and as we soon learned were approaching the most important Temples of Pompeii. We stopped before the wall and tried to imagine the scenes of those four eventful days that turned this beautiful home of the living into one great tomb for the dead. It was mid day, we are told, when the people received the first warning, on the 24th of August, A. D. 79. Many descriptions in sober history and in romance have been given of the overthrow of Herculaneum and Pompeii—but how far do all fall below the sad and dreadful reality!

The facts are stated perhaps more simply and intelligibly by our scientific countryman Prof. Silliman than by any other writer I have seen. He says "a darkness that might be felt throughout in the profound gloom the mid day sun, and ashes fell like snow upon the mountains, the plain, the Bay of Baia, and of Naples, and far into the surrounding country. Rain from the condensed steam of the eruption deluged the whole district: torrents of fluid mud, formed by the ashes and water, swept over every obstruction and filled the overflowing every depression of the surface." "It is not unlikely that the inundation was accompanied by torrents of carbonic acids and other noxious gases, so abundantly exhaled in more modern eruptions of Vesuvius, by which the refugees from danger were so suddenly asphyxiated as to remain unmoved in the positions where they were found." "Torrents of mud must have passed through the streets of Pompeii, since dry ashes and ejections of lapilli and pumice unaided by water could never have found their way into the interior of closed amphitheatres, nor made perfect moulds of the human form, nor left a level water line upon the inner walls of those arched passages. The shower of materials which buried the city was mainly composed of small pieces of white pumice and rounded lapilli of various colors, interspersed with some large projected masses of rock, bombs such as Vesuvius has often thrown out in later times. These by their fall broke through the roofs, and at the place where they struck depressed the mosaic pavement into a concave form, as I saw in several of the houses; and darker colored sand appears to have alternated with the pumice, and often forms a thick and distinct layer upon it." "The loose materials fell as snow falls in our climate when driven by the wind, being thicker in the angles than in the centres of the houses, and rising in curves corresponding to the elevation and depression of the surface."

Such are the facts which a careful scientific examination has established. That the greater majority of the inhabitants of Pompeii escaped in safety, there is no doubt. That many hundreds if not thousands met with a sudden and awful death is equally evident, from the numerous skeletons found in the streets and dwellings of Pompeii, and in its vicinity. It is well known that the elder Pliny, who was in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum, was one of the victims at Stabia, some five miles from Pompeii, and from the letters of his nephew, Pliny the younger, describing the escape of himself and mother from impending ruin, we have most fearful evidence that the whole surrounding country was a scene of horror unparalleled. He himself was at Misenum, a port in the immediate neighborhood, and his description, which I found at Pompeii translated into French, refers probably to the second or third day of the eruption. He says, "The light was morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the buildings all around us tottered, and there was no remaining there without danger, we resolved to quit the town." "The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and pressed in great crowds around us on our way out. At a safe distance from the houses, we stood in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. Our carriages were so driven backwards and forwards, though on a level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with

large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth. It is certain at least that the shore was considerably enlarged, and that several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, burst with a fiery serpentine vapor, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. The ashes now began to fall on us, though in no great quantities. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had light, to turn out of the high road, lest my mother should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, but of a room shut up and the lights all extinct. Nothing was heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men, some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come which was to destroy the gods and the world together. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flame, as in fact it was, than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day appeared, and even the sun returned, though very faintly, as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object which presented itself to our eyes, which were extremely weakened, seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

Such is a part of the description which the younger Pliny wrote to Tacitus, that it might be recorded in his "Annals." It is pleasant to know that he returned with his mother to Misenum; but how much like the great "burning day" coming upon the whole world is the scene which he witnessed, and how terrible the destruction which blotted out from the sight and the memory of man for almost eighteen hundred years this beautiful and luxurious home of thousands.

But I must not trespass on the patience of my readers, and will reserve for another letter what I saw within the walls of Pompeii itself.

### HOW THE SYRIANS REGARD THE WAR AND WHAT SORT OF FOLKS THEY SEND TO IT.

Few soldiers have been enlisted in Syria and Palestine, and when the French agents attempted to gain the influence and active cooperation of the Catholic Patriarch in raising a large force for the army out of his flock on Mount Lebanon, their efforts were utterly unsuccessful. There are to be seen, occasionally, regiments enlisted in the country around and beyond Damascus, principally of the fighting, robbing, and nomadic races, and also Kurds and others from the region of Mosul and the Tigris, who are commanded by French and English officers, being contingents for the French and English armies. Mounted on strong and fleet horses, armed with sword and pistols, (I have never observed the spear, but poorly adapted to modern warfare, however effective in guerilla contests) clothed in the loose dress of the East, with handkerchiefs bound around their heads by pieces of ropes, while the corners sport in the wind, they look almost like infernals, before whose approach the bravest hearts might quail. They are well formed, being largely endowed with bone and muscle, though seldom thick, and never corpulent. They are called *Bachi Bezouks*, or *men without a head*, i. e., a leader, as most palpably every one has his attic, whether filled or empty. Indeed, they seem to be destitute of all manly reasoning powers, while their few ideas and thoughts are confined to war and plunder. Leaving their home, if *hoozes* such creatures can have, on the Euphrates and the Tigris, they travel all the long way by land to this port, where steamers await their arrival to take them to the Crimea. Without English and French training and offering, I must believe them as worthless in modern warfare as the rudest savages of the American wilderness. For barring their bosoms to Russian bullets and bayonets they receive the magnificent sum of three dollars per month, they furnishing moreover their own horses, but receiving compensation if the horses are killed or injured.

Patriotism is an idea which has not yet entered the Eastern mind, and indeed the word is unknown and utterly unmeaning. It cannot be easily discovered that the people take any interest in the war; so ignorant and degraded are they, unable alike to comprehend their interests and their rights, and the measures to be pursued to secure them. The Moslem submits to a fatality he cannot control, while the Christian sects, as blind as the Moslems, dream, for there is no reasoning here, that any change must be for the better.

BUSH YOUR TOMATOES.—It is just as sensible to grow peas without bushing them as it is to tomatoes. You may grow both in a slovenly sort of way, if you have plenty of room on the ground; but you can grow either twice as well upon something to support them, and tomatoes are decidedly better grown up in the air than near the ground, under the shade of a mass of vines. The best support for a tomato vine is a short bush set firmly in the ground. The branches have room to spread among the limbs and support the fruit. The plan is much better than trying to stakos and trimmings, according to our experience. We have tried both ways.—*Agricultural Exchange.*

### Imperial Baby-Clothes.

The desire to see the baby-clothes made up for the expected child has grown to a mania. The police have found it necessary to prevent the carriages passing through the Rue Vivienne lest an accident should occur; and the ladies provided with tickets of admission are obliged, as at the outside of theatres on extraordinary occasions, to form *queue*. There are two lines of ladies ranged along each side of Madame Felicie's door, extending to both ends of the Rue Vivienne. The Congress of the Plenipotentiaries have sunk to nothing. Madame Felicie and her beautiful work *Le Bonheur*, Orloff, and even my Lord Clarendon. The five points yield to *point d'Alencon*. As curiosity must be excited about a matter which in Paris is deemed of surpassing importance, we are happy to have the support of Gauguani's descriptive pen.

The Princess Mathilde, on Saturday, visited the *layette* prepared by Mlle Felicie, of the Rue Vivienne, for the Imperial Infant. During the whole of that day and yesterday, an uninterrupted stream of persons of the first distinction in Paris visited these objects. The following is a very imperfect description of the articles exhibited:—The first thing that strikes the spectator in entering Mlle Felicie's war rooms, is the exquisite beauty of the various articles displayed to view. Three rooms, one of them of great size, are thrown open, and everything exhibited in them forms part of the *layette*. At the first glance, one would imagine that the only color to be seen was white; but afterwards the eye perceives that the ribbons and satin, used for trimming several of the articles, are blue. But as blue is the color appropriated to male children, as rose or pink is to those of the opposite sex, the idea would occur to the looker-on that everything had been prepared exclusively for a Prince. Such, however, is not the fact, for as the Imperial infant has been *enue au blanc*, blue is used in such a case indiscriminately for either sex.

As some of our readers are not perhaps aware of what *enue au blanc* exactly means, it may be as well to state that sometimes in France a mother consecrates her child before its birth to the Virgin, placing the infant under her especial protection; and, as a sign of her having done so, clothing the child in white only (with rare exceptions of blue sometimes) and keeping it in such attire for a certain number of years—three, five or seven, and on some occasions to the period of the child's first communion. It is in accordance with this custom that some of the articles of the Imperial *layette* have been ornamented with blue, without any reference to the sex of the infant. In the large room at Mlle Felicie's all the tables along the sides, as well as an exceedingly broad one down the centre, are completely covered with the most beautiful articles of lace, embroidery, silk, satin, and cambric that perhaps were ever collected together for any one child. The number of dresses alone appeared so countless that we took the liberty of inquiring the number, and were informed twelve dozen. All are embroidered with such rare perfection as to really merit to rank as works of art, and the vast quantity of *point d'Alencon* with which they are trimmed must be of immense value.

Along the tables are also to be seen baby's caps, hats, and lead dresses, in such abundance as to excite one's wonder and awe of these, also, twelve dozen have been prepared—all beautiful by embroidery and all trimmed with the most costly lace. Twelve dozen appears to have been the magical number in the order given, as everything—stockings, gloves, shoes, boots, gaiters, (such exquisite gaiters) chemises, sheets, &c., &c., were all to the same extent. All the sheets were marked with the Imperial crown and cipher, and trimmed with Valenciennes Lace. Of course the richer articles were not ordered in such profusion, as, for instance, the long mantles, of which there were a dozen for State occasions, most richly embroidered and trimmed, while others were in satin, in silk, or in cashmere, but all of the greatest beauty. The quilts, also, some in blue satin and some in white, were on a more limited scale, but all as rich as human ingenuity could make them.

At the end of the room stands the cradle—not that which the City of Paris is preparing for the Imperial Infant, but still one of great beauty. A lofty *foete* at the head, formed of a vine branch of gilt bronze, gently bends over the part in which the infant is to sleep. From the *foete*, curtains of Mechlin lace lined with blue silk are suspended at each side, the whole being looped up with gold cords, terminating with tassels to match of the same metal. One *couverte piele* is of white satin, and another of blue, and the whole is covered over with Alencon lace, with the initials N. E. in the centre, the whole producing an effect of the rarest elegance. Opposite the cradle, on the centre table, stands the *robe de baptême* all of *point d'Alencon*, with mantle and head dress to match. Near it is a muff of ermine, with a mantle of white satin lined with ermine. On the table lay the child's coral for the period of teething; in this instance made of amber, the ball for the rattle being hollowed from the solid mass. This little plaything alone cost 6000. Near it was placed an amber necklace, with a small gold medallion in the centre, on which the Archbishop of Paris had given his benediction.

Three *corbelles de baptême* lay near, all lined with blue satin, and covered with Alencon lace, and bearing the Imperial cipher and arms. To go on would be to fill a column, and yet not a word has been said of the contents of the other rooms, equally worthy of being examined. We cannot, however, help stating that the articles prepared for the nurse (twelve dozen in number) are also of extraordinary beauty and richness, as may be judged from the fact that her aprons are embroidered with as much care as the articles for the child, and like them trimmed with Alencon lace. The taste with which the whole display is

laid out is not the smallest charm of this exhibition, which of its kind has perhaps never been equalled. It adds to the admiration excited to learn that the whole was designed, embroidered, and made up in the short space of two months and a half.

### Early Mental Activity.

"Experience," says Dr. Spurzman, "demonstrates that of any number of children of equal intellectual power, those who receive no particular care in childhood, and who do not learn to read and write until the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, very soon surpass, in their studies, those who commence earlier and read numerous books when very young. The mind ought never to be cultivated at the expense of the body; and physical education ought to precede that of the intellect, and then proceed simultaneously with it without cultivating one faculty to the neglect of others; for health is the base, and instruction the ornament of education."

Let parents then check, rather than excite in their children, this early disposition to mental activity; or rather let them counterbalance it by a due proportion of physical and gymnastic exercises; for it is not so much the intensity as the continuity of the mental action, which is injurious to the constitution. Let them not cause the age of cheerfulness to be spent in the midst of tears and in slavery; let them not change the sunny days of childhood into a melancholy gloom, which can at best only be a source of misery and bitter recollection in maturer years.

Physical exercises and the cultivation of the perceptive faculties should, with the reading of moral and instructive books, form the principal occupations of children. Their expanding frame requires the invigorating stimulus of fresh air; their awakening organs seek for external objects of sense; their dawning intellect incessantly calls for the action of their observant powers. This is the great law of nature. She has given to the child that restless activity, that buoyancy of animal spirit, that prying inquisitiveness which makes him delight in constant motion and in the observation of new objects. If these intentions of Providence be not frustrated; if he be allowed to give himself up to the sportive feelings of his age, he will acquire a healthy constitution, and a physical and perceptive development which are the best preparation for mental labor.

Of the men who have conferred benefit on society, and have been the admiration of the world, the greater number are those who, from various causes, have in early life been kept from school or from serious study. They have by energetic and well directed efforts, at a period when the brain was ready for the task, acquired knowledge and displayed abilities, which have raised them to the highest eminence in the different walks in life, in literature, the arts and sciences, in the army, the senate, the church, and even on the throne. The history of the most distinguished among those who have received an early classical education sufficiently proves that it is not to their scholastic instructor, but to self-education after the period of school, that they chiefly owed their superiority.

David, the sublime author of the Psalms, followed in his early occupations the dictates of nature; he had in his youth muscular power to tear under his mouth a lion, to resist the grasp of a bear, and to impart to a pebble velocity sufficient to slay a giant. Napoleon, when in the school of Brienne, was noted in the quarterly reports of that institution as enjoying good health; no mention was ever made of his possessing any mental superiority; but in physical exercises he was always foremost. Sir Isaac Newton, according to his own statement, was inattentive, and ranked very low in the school, which he had not entered until after the age of twelve. The mother of Sheridan long regarded him as the dullest of her children. A daisy Clark was called a "grievous dunce" by his teacher; and young Liebig a "booby" by his employer. Shakspeare, Moliere, Gibbon, Niebuhr, Byron, Humphry Davy, Porson, and many others were in like manner undistinguished for early application to study, and for the most part indulged in those wholesome bodily exercises and that of freedom mind which contributed so much to their future excellence.—*Marell.*

### THE CEMETERY AT HAVANA.—REVOLVING SCENES.—Extract from the Havana correspondence of the Southern Advocate:

"When I entered the trenches I observed several negroes digging graves, about two feet deep, and Oh, horror! to see these fellows digging up the bones of human beings, scattering them in every direction, the long hair and grave-clothes strewed all round—the sight was revolting. I had not been there long when I saw four men bearing a corpse on a slight frame. They were smoking and chatting as lively as if on their way to a wedding party. It was the body of a young woman; her clothes were rent, and she was pitched into the trench without ceremony—no one to shed a tear over her grave. The dead are not buried in coffins, quick lime is applied freely to prevent the body from being taken up. Some men make it a business to hire coffins and clothing for funeral occasions. I next saw six men bring the body of a very large man. Some difficulties arose among the undertakers, which I thought would end in a fight. A third corpse was brought and deposited in a shallow pit. "The last interment was that of a little girl. Her beautiful black eyes were not closed; there was a heavenly smile on her sweet innocent face—she had left earth before becoming contaminated by the poison of the old serpent."

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of my business," replied the King. "But his speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," he replied, "is none of your business."